

Zeb Green Says Cotton is Going Still Higher

Mr. J. Z. Green, of Marshville, in his letter to the Progressive Farmer last week said:

Under date of September 12 a cotton market report by Chas. Fairchild & Co., of New York, contains this paragraph:

"Exports so far this season are double those of last year. American mills are very largely uncovered with the actual, while sold ahead for months of 25-cent cotton."

I am glad Brother Poe gave the deserved denunciation of the stupendous falsehood sent out from New Orleans to the daily papers. The report that Farmers' Union presidents had adopted 12 cents as a minimum price for their cotton after the market price had already reached fifteen cents, was published not only in the daily papers but was copied by many weekly papers. For the life of me I couldn't understand how any publisher could believe such a ridiculous and unbelievable piece of news. Nobody but a crazy man would, as representative of cotton producers, declare for a price three cents a pound less than the current price of cotton.

When farmers are robbed by this sort of publicity there ought to be some way to recover damages. If such an outrage were perpetrated against the business of an individual or corporation, those responsible for the damage would no doubt be held to account in the courts.

I have never seen a bolder attempt by bear speculation to beat down the price of cotton. Certainly their fight to depress the price must be hopeless when they resort to such high-handed and infamous methods to gain even a temporary advantage.

If goods are now selling on a basis of 25 cent cotton it isn't unreasonable to expect the price to go to 20 cents. In fact, nearly everybody has been talking 20 cent cotton for a month or more. I hear this kind of talk from commercial men, from bankers and from merchants as well as farmers.

Don't rush cotton to market. Never in the history of cotton growing will there be a better chance for somebody to corner the cotton market before we can possibly produce any more cotton, and when the market is cornered something is going to happen to the prices of cotton. The only way for producers to share in the increase in prices is to sit steady and refuse to be stampeded by any kind of "news" item that may find its way into the press dispatches.

A wounded soldier in a hospital developed a fever, and every little while his nurse put a thermometer in his mouth to register his temperature.

Presently the doctor came to see him.

"Well, how are you getting on?" The doctor asked.

"Fairish, sir," said the soldier.

"Have you had any nourishment?"

"A fair amount, sir—a fair amount."

"What did you have?"

"A lady gimme a piece of glass to suck, sir."—Free Press.

Little Elsie came home from a neighbor's house, munching a cookie.

"Now, Elsie," her mother reproved her, "how many times have I told you not to ask Mrs. Brown for cookies?"

"I didn't ask her," returned Elsie sally; "I don't have to; I know where she keeps them."

Further Court Proceedings

In addition to the list of cases published in this paper last week the fall session of criminal court for Chesterfield county disposed of the following cases:

J. Paul Jones, assault and battery with intent to kill. Continued.

Case against the West boys charged with riot continued.

J. E. Atkinson, disposing of property under lien. Continued.

M. C. Lancaster, breach of trust. Nolle prossed.

R. J. James, disposing of property under lien. Continued.

John Delaney, alias John Evans, assault and battery, with intent to kill. Nolle prossed.

George W. Brown, obtaining goods under false pretense. Continued.

S. V. McManus, violating dispensary law. Continued.

John Henry Brown, bigamy. Sentenced to six months.

Bossie McRae, larceny of bicycle. Plead guilty. Two years.

Fred Covington, murder. Plead guilty to manslaughter. Two years.

Ed Sanders, assault and battery, intent to kill. Plead guilty to assault. Five months or fine of \$50.

Vernon S. Blackburn, desertion. Plead guilty. Sentenced to one year; sentence to be suspended after three months. Other charges dropped.

Ben Shadd, house-breaking and larceny. Transferred to contingent docket.

Ramie Jefferson, violation of Dispensary Law. Tried and found guilty. Sentenced to one year, nine months of which was suspended. He appealed.

Henry McCull, house-breaking and larceny. Plead guilty.

Court adjourned Tuesday afternoon.

Grand Jury's Report

To His Honor, J. W. DeVore, Presiding Judge:

The Grand Jury, having passed on all bills handed us, beg to make the following report:

We have had the books of the county officers examined, and the report of the same held over from last Court on account of some executions not being valid assets.

We expected these executions to be tested before our body was called together again, but find that the Comptroller General has had these papers filed away with instructions not to be molested until the final settlement between the Auditor and Treasurer, and for this reason we are still unable to make a final report until our body can be called together for this particular purpose.

We recommend that glass be put in the windows up stairs in the jail and the inside protected by heavy screen wire, and the roofing of the same be repaired.

We find the other public buildings in good condition.

We wish to thank the officers of this Court for courtesies extended and beg to be excused from further services at this session.

In the mountains of New Hampshire an old negro drives an ancient and rickety stage-coach.

"What is your name, Uncle?" a traveler asked him one morning.

"George Washington, suh," said he with dignity.

"That's a pretty familiar name to everybody in this country," said the tourist.

"Ah reckon it orter be, suh," was the darky's pleased reply, "cos Ah been a-drivin' dis vere stage ebber since de wah."

Terrible Tragedy In Union County

Monroe Journal.

Caught between the lever and frame of his own cane mill last Saturday the head of Mr. Alexander Helms was crushed like an eggshell, and he died that afternoon without ever having regained the slightest consciousness.

Mr. Helms was running a mill at his home some nine miles above Monroe in the Ebenezer church community, and there the accident took place at eleven o'clock. Mr. Elijah Little was helping him with the work at the mill and was the only eye witness of the terrible tragedy.

Mr. Little was feeding the mill, and Mr. Helms was carrying the sap from the mill to the evaporator. While he was in the act of filling a bucket, the lever caught his head between it and the frame, almost crushing the top of his head from below his ears on up. Both ears were torn loose, and the brains were oozing from the head. His head was mashed between a space of three and one-half inches.

Mr. Helms was a good man, and had earned the respect and confidence of his friends and neighbors. He was nearly 62 years old, and was a son of the late Thomas Helms. He is survived by his wife and nine children.

Howie Mine Damaged by Explosion and Fire

Monroe Enquirer.

The building over the main shaft at the Howie mine, eight miles west of Monroe, and the timbers sixty feet down the shaft were destroyed by fire about two o'clock last Friday afternoon. It is not known how the fire originated. No one was in the shaft at the time of the fire, the last man having left the shaft about twenty minutes before the fire started. Two boxes of dynamite in the building were exploded and a number of windows in buildings near the mine were shattered and the explosion was heard for miles around. Two pumps, one of them costing \$900 and the other \$500 are in the bottom of the mine and the burning of the large timbers caused the top of the shaft to cave in leaving a hole forty feet in diameter at the top of the shaft. It will require a great deal of work and an outlay of about \$5,000 to make good the damage.

End of War Not in Sight

London Globe.

Both wicked and harmful are the statements hysterically circulated and ignorantly spoken to the effect that Germany will have to surrender soon. There never was a more foolish estimate of the position of affairs. It shows gross ignorance of Germany's strength, and resources and determination, and no realization of the fact that the only peace conditions that can be imposed on her are such as none but a beaten and humbled enemy could accept. Not the Hindenburg, not the Roumanian sensation justify the ridiculous outcry that Germany is tottering.

The least harm such statements do is to cause the submerged and almost negligible pacifists here to raise their heads a little. But they are harmful to us in the war. They may be interpreted wrongly abroad. There are long, long months of arduous war to face before Germany will accept the terms that must be enforced.

Objects to Going to the Devil By Automobile.

Charity and Children.

This writer is not opposed to automobiles. In fact the only reason he isn't sailing over the country in a Ford is that his creditors consume all his surplus cash. But the abuse of the automobile is a peril that threatens to do us a great injury in many ways. A man was telling us the other day about an enthusiastic church worker who bought a machine. Gradually his interest in the Sunday school and church work weakened until finally he quit going altogether, and sent his pastor word to drop his name from the church roll; that he had found a new source of pleasure, and meant to pursue it and let the church go. The natural result followed, he began to drink beer and do other things that go along with it and is on the way to the devil at 30 miles an hour. It is true that this man never had enough religion to hurt him and less character than religion, but while this is an extreme case, it illustrates the effect of Sunday joy riding on anybody, who indulges in it. We have seen church members more than one time deliberately load their families on an automobile and start out at 10 o'clock Sunday morning for a spin through the country. No more sermons for them! No more Sunday school! They have found a new avenue of pleasure which they propose to travel. The faithful will still attend church and observe the Lord's day. A few of the loyal and strong will maintain their integrity, but what about the weak and the shallow, and what about their children! There is no law to stop these joy riders. There is nothing to be done except to appeal to the sober minded not to be swept off their feet. "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy" is still in force. But those who are crazy about automobiles have no more reverence for Sunday than for Tuesday. The truth is, we have gone mad over this matter of amusement, and a multitude of our people have surrendered absolutely to its strange and subtle power! Good roads are a great blessing, but it is better to jolt over rocks and plunge into gulleys in a one horse wagon than to glide to the devil over a road as smooth as a ribbon in a luxurious automobile.

Couldn't Jump the Fence

Monroe Journal.

William Cuthbertson, an old slave, overestimated his physical prowess several days ago when he attempted to jump over a barb wire fence. Some of the boys were at Mr. Tom McClellan's blacksmith shop, six miles northeast of Monroe, when Rev. Bill came up. Knowing that he was fond of soft drink, they offered to buy him three bottles of the stuff if he would jump the fence. Bill could not resist the ale, so he tried it. He failed, and now he is laid up with a broken leg. Mr. G. C. Baucom says Bill is a good old darkey, and that many are sympathizing with him in his misfortune.

Mr. Smith Was Right, Too

Monroe Enquirer.

Mr. Ranford Smith, who lives near Pageland, S. C., was in Monroe a few days ago and in speaking of the crops said that the greatest peavine hay crop ever grown had been saved. Barns, sheds, outbuildings of every description were filled with peavine hay and then there was lots of it to be stacked.

One Dead and Another is Fatally Injured

Columbia, S. C., Sept. 30.—A. R. Moore is dead and M. A. Simms is in a local hospital probably fatally injured as the result of the overturning late yesterday near Barnwell, S. C., of an automobile in which they were riding. Dr. J. C. Woolley and V. Seymour Owens were painfully injured in the accident, while E. G. Bolen, the fifth member of the party, was unhurt. All are residents of Barnwell.

Moore, who was a brother of Adjutant General W. W. Moore of South Carolina, and Simms were brought here late last night on a special train. Moore died early today.

The party left Barnwell yesterday for a dove-shooting trip. A short distance from town the automobile, which was driven by Moore, struck a sandy spot in the road, became unmanageable and a moment later overturned. Moore and Simms were pinned beneath the machine.

A Trying Climate

They had a so-called "stampede" in New York during a summer hot spell, and from all over the West the champion riders, ropers and busters came to take part. After the show had petered out, and the winners had failed to get the bulk of their prize money, one of the recent contestants, a long, lean youth from Arizona, called at the office of the Evening World to give an inside version of the causes leading up to the collapse of the enterprise.

Presently Martin Green, to whom the cowpuncher was telling his troubles, noticed that the other walked with a limp.

"Did you get hurt in one of the events?" inquired Green.

"Naw!" confessed the young man with an embarrassed grin. "That there happened the day after I struck this town. An ortermobile hit me and sprained my right knee right smart and broke three of my ribs."

"A doctor at one of these here hospitals fixed me up; and so I went into the ropin' contest and the bulldawgin' contest. Then, the third day, my pony fell with me; and while he was 'rastlin' round he kicked me here on the chin and split my lip open. It taken seven stitches to close up the cut."

"Yas, suh; I done right well in that there Stampede!" continued the youth, reverting to the topic he had been discussing before Green interrupted with the question touching on his lameness. "I win twelve hundred and fifty dollars on paper, even ef them fellers did run out on us and leave me broke."

"But wasn't it frightfully painful to be riding wild horses and throwing steers with your ribs all caved in and your leg bungled up and your face gashed?" inquired Green.

"Well," said the youth, "some-thin' did keep a-hurtin' me like hell; but I thought all the time it was this here durned climate."

A tramp knocked at a farmer's door and called for something to eat.

"Are you a Christian?" asked the good-hearted countryman.

"Can't you tell?" answered the man. "Look at the holes worn in the knees of my pants. What do they prove?"

The farmer's wife promptly brought out the food, and the tramp turned to go.

"Well! Well!" asked the farmer. "What made those holes in the back of your pants?"

"Backsliding," replied the tramp as he hurried on.

Highwaymen Rob and Beat a Lumberton Man

Lumberton, Oct. 1.—Alex Lamb, a white man who lives near town, was held up Saturday night by highwaymen on the Creek road near what is called Hestertown and beaten into insensibility. He was robbed of \$2.40, all the money he had with him.

Lamb was brought to a local hospital by a jitney driver, who found him unconscious by the roadside, a lantern near him. After he regained consciousness today he told officers he was held up by two men who demanded his money and then knocked him down and kicked him on the head.

Russians In Galicia Are Taking the Offensive In Big Drive

The left wing of the British army between the Ancre and Somme Rivers in France has advanced on nearly a two-mile front from the east of Eaucourt L'Abbaye to the Albert-Bapaume road, capturing in the operation the town of Eaucourt L'Abbaye and throwing their line to within about four miles of Bapaume itself.

In addition the British line to the left has been sent forward for good gains into the German front according to London. Valuable work was done by the new armored tractors in the fighting.

In the Champagne region the Germans, says Paris, attempted two surprise attacks against the French but both of them failed.

Still further gains by the British and French troops north of the Somme River in France are chronicled in the latest official communications from London and Paris.

The Work-Horse

By Daniel Bradley Roche

Plodding along in the burning heat,

Hauling his load, through the city's street,

Working from sunrise, to close of day,

With merely a bite to eat as pay.

Plenty of harsh words greet his ear,

Few of the kind ones come to cheer,

Curses and lash when things go wrong,

Loads are heavy, and days are long.

Up with the birds, at dawns first light,

Back when the stars shine forth at night,

Tired and sore and hungry, too,

A little kindness I ask for you.

Bob and George Caught Sixteen

Monroe Journal.

Speaking about 'possum hunting, Mr. Bob Funderburk and Mr. George Courtney take the prize. They went about nine o'clock several nights ago, and came in about two o'clock in the morning with sixteen healthy possums in their sack. They carried four dogs with them. Tuesday night these same two hunters, with the addition of Mr. I. F. Plyler, went over the same route, but only caught three! Sixteen seems to be the record so far.

"My good fellow, how far is it to Scotsburg?"

"Well, the way you're headed it's about twenty-four thousand nine hundred and ninety-eight miles; but if you turn and go in the opposite direction, it's close on to two miles."